THE

CHAPLET,

A MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT,

As it is performed at the

THEATRES ROYAL in DRURY LANE and COVENT GARDEN

Composed by

Dr. BOYCE,

For the

VOICE, HARPSICHORD, AND VIOLIN.

LONDON.

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ORIGINAL DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DAMON	MR. BEARD.
PALÆMON	MASTER MATTOCKS.
PASTORA	MRS. CLIVE.
LAURA	MISS NORRIS.

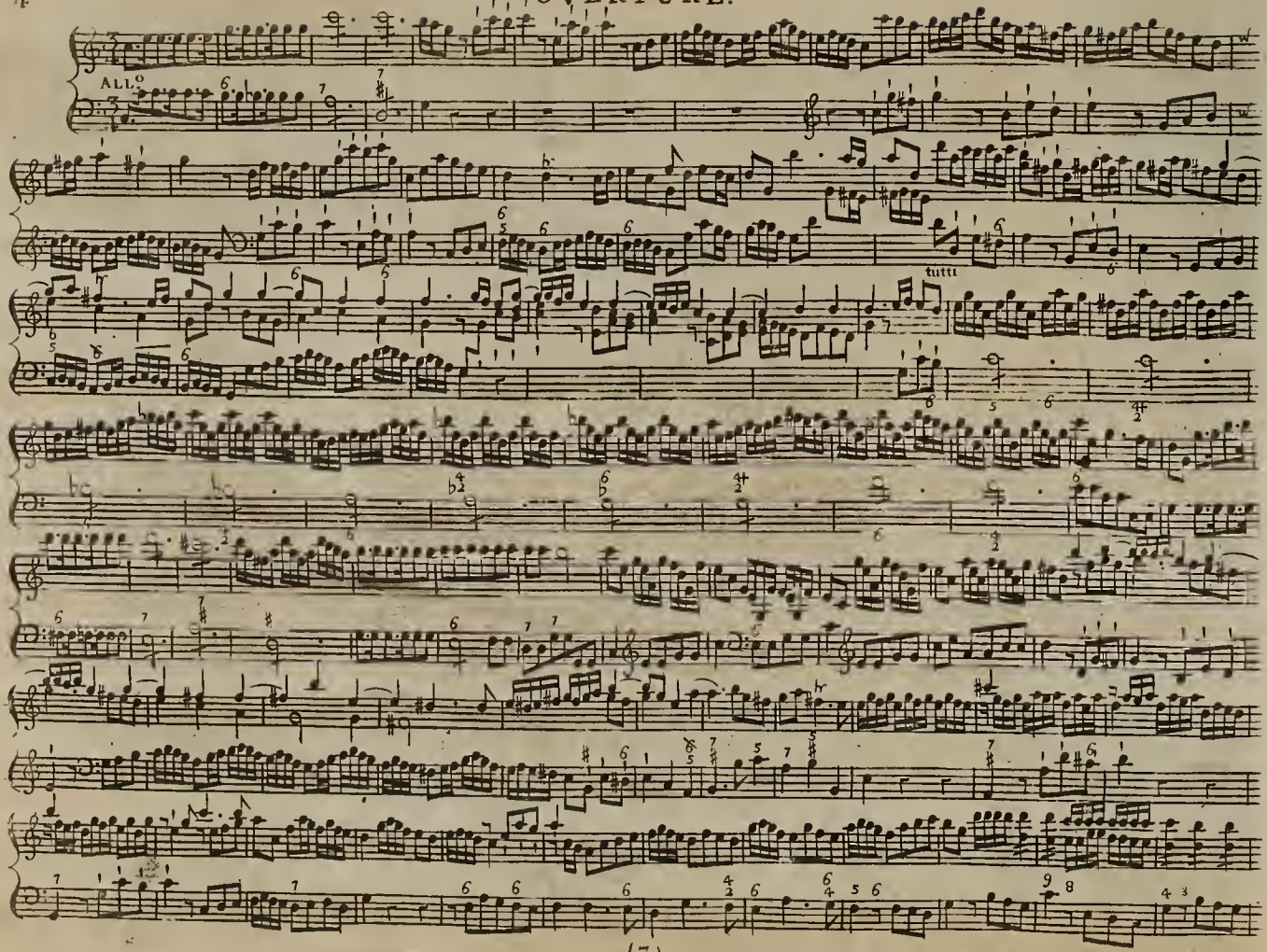
CONTENTS

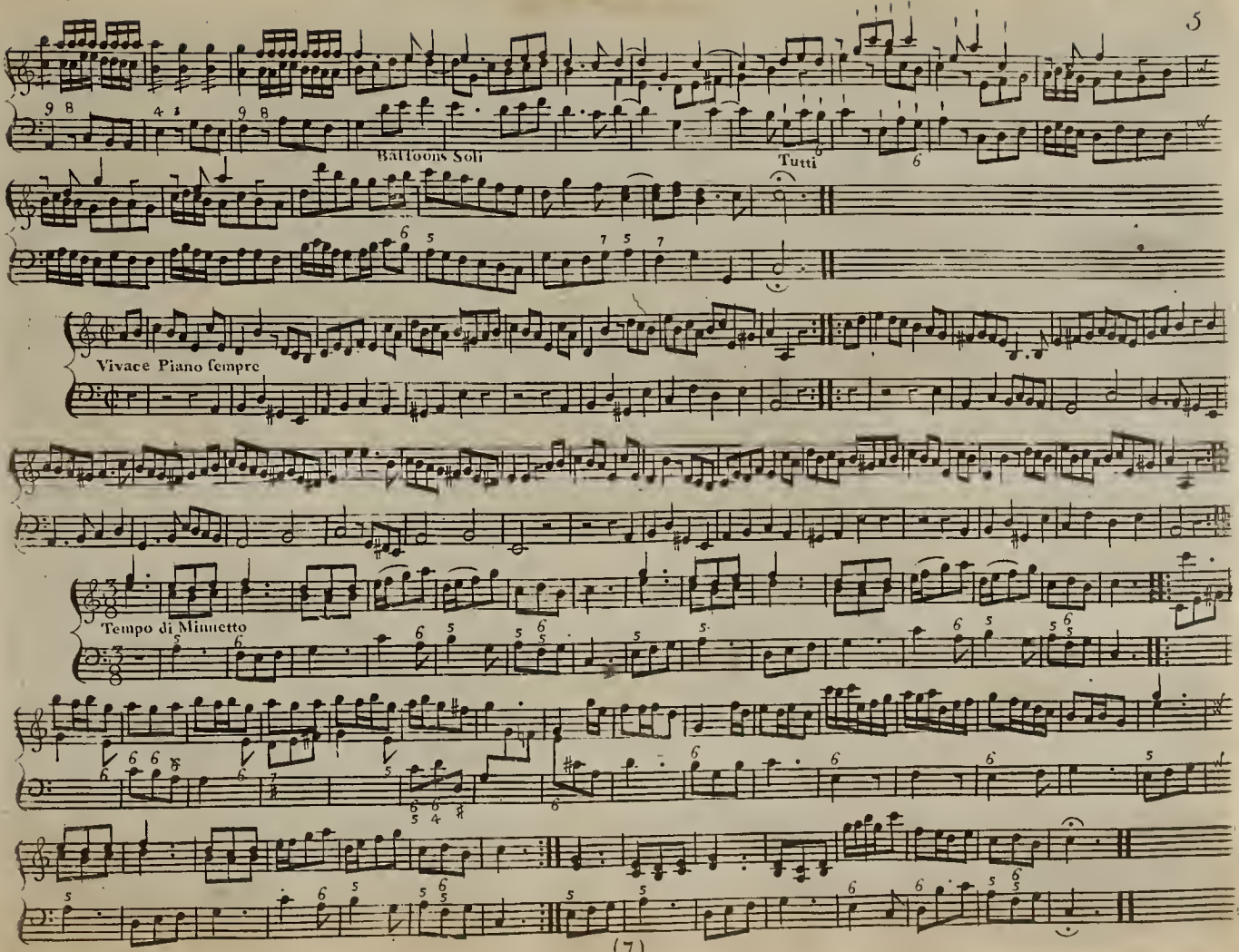
Part I.

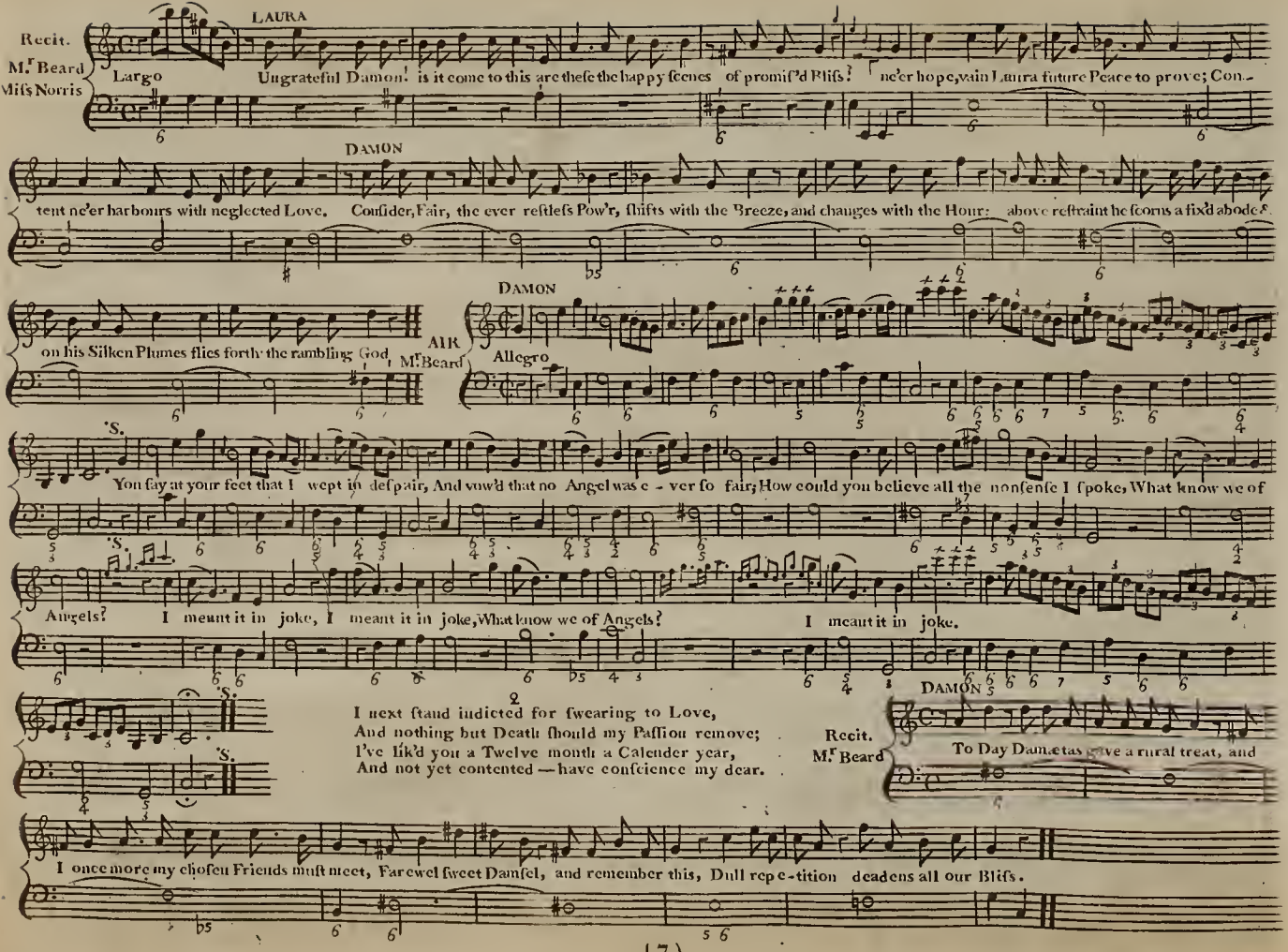
OVERTURE		4
Recit.	Ungrateful Damon	6
Air.	You fay at your feet	ibid
Recit.	To day Damætas gave	ibid
Air.	Where baleful Cypreſs	7
Air.	Vain is ev'ry fond endeavour	ibid
Recit.	In mirth and paſtime	ibid
Air.	Puſh about the briſk bowl	8
Recit.	Indeed Paſtora	ibid
Air.	Farewel, my Paſtora	9
Recit.	Inſulting boy	ibid
Dialogue.	Beauteous maid	10
Recit.	Away, falſe man	ibid
Dialogue.	From flow'r to flow'r	11
Duet.	Then let's divide	12

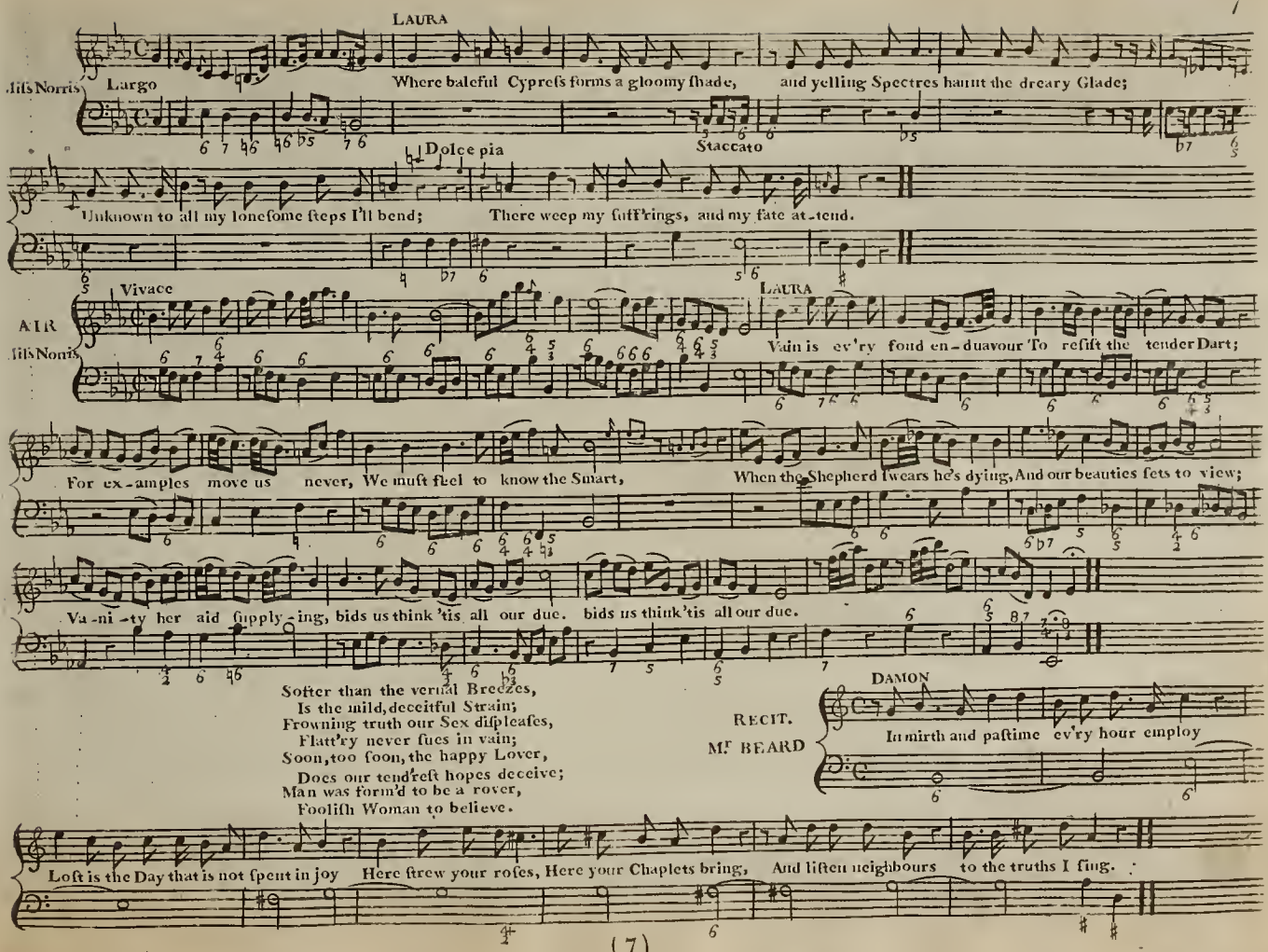
Part II.

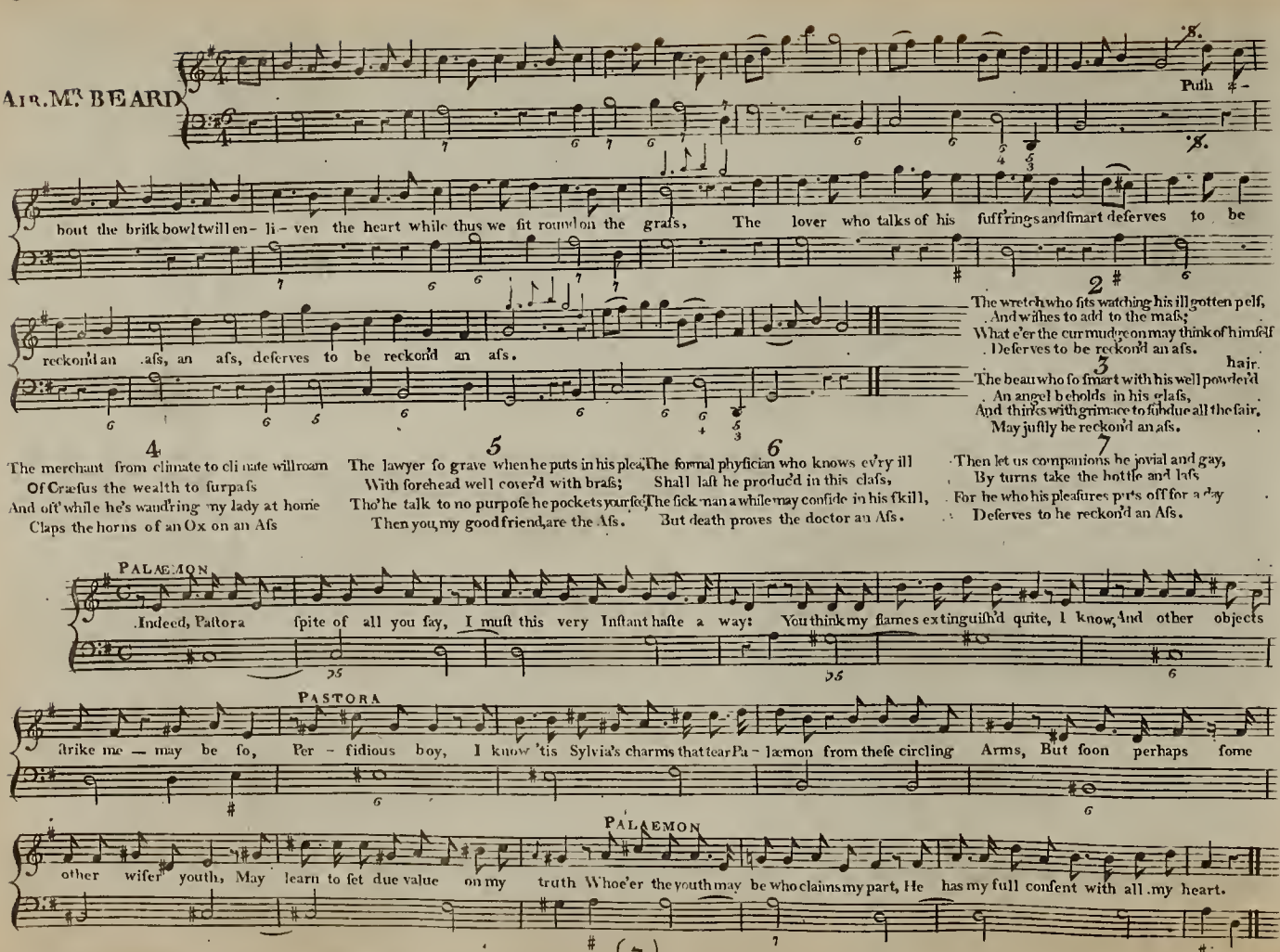
Air.	What medicine can ſoften	12
Recit.	A charming conſort	13
Air.	In vain I try	ibid
Recit.	Once more I come	14
Air.	Declare, my pretty maid	ibid
Recit.	Dare you avow	ibid
Air.	How unhappy's the nymph	15
Recit.	I ſee the fates	16
Dialogue.	Three Goddeſſes ſtanding together	ibid
Recit.	Miſjudging wretch	ibid
Air.	I know that my perſon	17
Recit Acc.	To thee, kind nymph	18
Dialogue.	Contented all day	ibid
Duet&Cho.	For their honour	19


ALL.o
tutti


Bassoons Soli
Tutti
Vivace Piano sempre
Tempo di Minuetto


Recit.
M.r Beard
Miss Norris
LAURA
Largo
Ungrateful Damon! is it come to this are these the happy scenes of promis'd Bliss? ne'er hope, vain Laura future Peace to prove; Con-
DAMON
tent ne'er harbours with neglected Love. Consider, Fair, the ever restless Pow'r, shifts with the Breeze, and changes with the Hour: above restraint he scorns a fix'd abode.
DAMON
AIR
M.r Beard
on his Silken Plumes flies forth the rambling God,
Allegro
S.
You say at your feet that I wept in despair, And vow'd that no Angel was e - ver so fair; How could you believe all the nonsense I spoke, What know we of
Angels? I meant it in joke, I meant it in joke, What know we of Angels? I meant it in joke.
S.
S.
2
I next stand indicted for swearing to Love,
And nothing but Death should my Passion remove;
I've lik'd you a Twelve month a Calender year,
And not yet contented — have conscience my dear.
DAMON
Recit.
M.r Beard
To Day Damætas give a rural treat, and
I once more my chosen Friends must meet, Farewel sweet Damsel, and remember this, Dull repe-tition deadens all our Bliss.


LAURA
Miss Norris
Largo
Where baleful Cypress forms a gloomy shade, and yelling Spectres haunt the dreary Glade;
Staccato
Dolce pia
Unknown to all my lonesome steps I'll bend; There weep my sufferings, and my fate at-tend.
Vivace
AIR
Miss Norris
LAURA
Vain is ev'ry fond en-deavour To resist the tender Dart;
For ex-amples move us never, We must feel to know the Smart,
When the Shepherd swears he's dying, And our beauties fets to view;
Va-ni-ty her aid supply-ing, bids us think 'tis all our due. bids us think 'tis all our due.
Softer than the vernal Breezes,
Is the mild, deceitful Strain;
Frowning truth our Sex displeases,
Flatt'ry never sues in vain;
Soon, too soon, the happy Lover,
Does our tend'rest hopes deceive;
Man was form'd to be a rover,
Fooliſh Woman to believe.
RECIT.
Mr BEARD
DAMON
In mirth and pastime ev'ry hour employ
Lost is the Day that is not spent in joy Here strew your roses, Here your Chaplets bring, And listen neighbours to the truths I sing.


AIR. Mr. BEARD
Push
bout the brisk bowl twill en- li- ven the heart while thus we sit round on the grass, The lover who talks of his sufferings and smart deserves to be
reckon'd an .ass, an ass, deserves to be reckon'd an ass.
2
The wretch who sits watching his ill gotten pelf,
And wishes to add to the mass;
What e'er the curmudgeon may think of himself
Deserves to be reckon'd an ass.
3
hair.
The beau who so smart with his well powder'd
An angel beholds in his glass,
And thinks with grimace to subdue all the fair,
May justly be reckon'd an ass.
4
The merchant from climate to climate will roam
Of Crœsus the wealth to surpass
And oft while he's wand'ring my lady at home
Claps the horns of an Ox on an Ass
5
The lawyer so grave when he puts in his plea,
With forehead well cover'd with brass;
Tho' he talk to no purpose he pockets your fee,
Then you, my good friend, are the Ass.
6
The formal physician who knows ev'ry ill
Shall last he produc'd in this class,
The sick man a while may confide in his skill,
But death proves the doctor an Ass.
7
Then let us companions be jovial and gay,
By turns take the bottle and lass
For he who his pleasures puts off for a day
Deserves to be reckon'd an Ass.
PALAEMON
Indeed, Pastora spite of all you say, I must this very Instant haste away: You think my flames extinguish'd quite, I know, And other objects
PASTORA
strike me — may be so, Per- fidious boy, I know 'tis Sylvia's charms that tear Pa- læmon from these circling Arms, But soon perhaps some
PALAEMON
other wife youth, May learn to set due value on my truth Whoe'er the youth may be who claims my part, He has my full consent with all my heart.

AIR. MASTER MATTOCKS

PALEMON.

Allegro affai

Farewel, my Paſtora, no

longer your ſwain quite ſick of his bondage, can ſuffer his chain: Nay arm not your brow with ſuch haughty diſdain, My heart leaps with joy to be free once again. Sing

tol derol derol derol de-rol derol derol Sing tol derol derol derol de-rol

I'll live like the birds, thoſe ſweet tenants of May,
Who always are ſportful, who always are gay:
How ſweetly their ſonnets they carol all day!
Their love is but frolick, their courtſhip but play.
Sing tol derol,

If ſtruck by a beauty they ne'er ſaw before,
In chirping ſoft notes they her pity implore,
She yields to intreaty, and when the fit's o'er
'Tis twenty to one that they never meet more.
Sing tol derol,

RECIT.

PASTORA.

Inſulting boy! I'll tear him from my mind, ah would my fortune could a huſband find: and juſt in time, young Damon comes this way, a handſome youth he

Largo P.

DAMON.

is, and rich they ſay. Vouchſafe, ſweet maid, to hear a wretched ſwain, who loſt in wonder, hugs the pleaſing chain, for you

Largo P.

aſide

in ſighs I hail the riſing Day, To you at eve I ſing the loveſick lay; Then take my love, my homage as your due, The devil's in her if all this won't do.

AIR. MR. BEARD & MRS. CLIVE

Allegro

DAMON.

Beauteous maid, re - ward my paſſion, crown with hopes my fierce de - ſire.

PASTORA.

Soon to yield is not the faſhion,

DAMON.

Maids ſome courtſhip ſhould require. Tedious courtſhip damps all pleaſure, By this melting kiſs I ſwear.

PASTORA.

Kiſſes her

Now you're rude be - yond all meaſure, Kiſs a - gain, ſir, if you dare.

DAMON.

Where yon bank the willows cover, We will ſhun the heat of day.

PASTORA.

You're in too much haſte young lover, For the prieſt muſt

DAMON.

lead the way. We can do without him better, None but fools would marry now, prieſts the freeborn mind would fetter, We will meet without a vow.

PASTORA.

RECIT:

Away, falſe man, no more your tale I'll hear The black attempt offends my rigid ear: the joy I taſte ſhall be without a

aſide DAMON.

crime, I'll ne'er be foold by man, a ſecond time. If ſo, farewel, Ill other regions try; My gen'rous mind diſ-

-dains the ſlaviſh tye, Lovers, like warriors, oft repul-ſes meet; Yet both undaunted their attacks repeat.

AIR. Mr. BEARD & Mrs. CLIVE.

All? affai.

DAMON.

From flow'r to flow'r his

Pia

joy to change, flits yonder wan-ton bee, From fair to fair thus will I range, And I'll be ever free. From fair to fair thus

will I range, And I'll be e-ver free. I'll be e-ver free.

PASTORA.
Yon little birds attentive view,
That hop from tree to tree;
I'll copy them, I'll copy you,
For I'll be ever free.

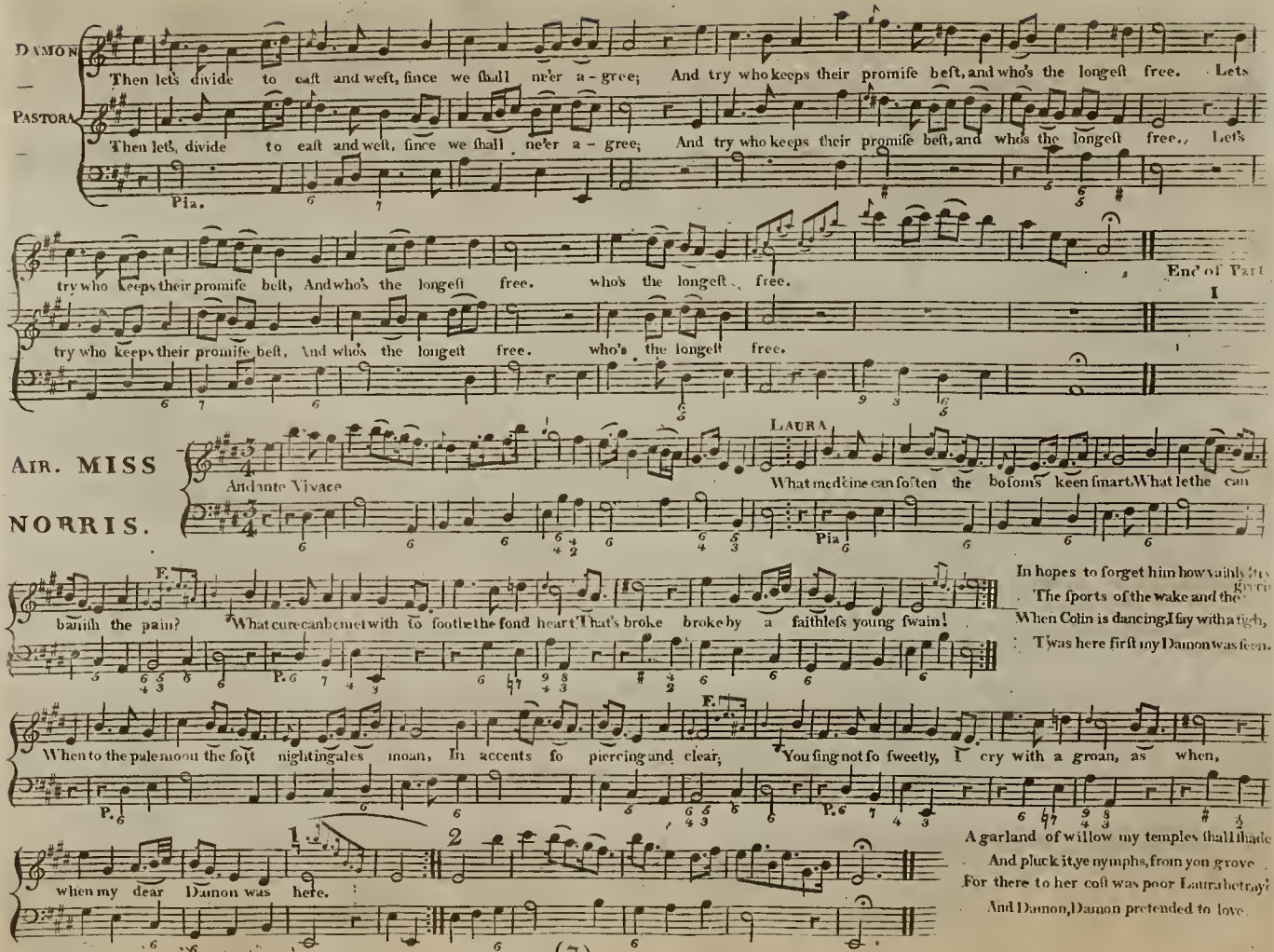
DAMON.

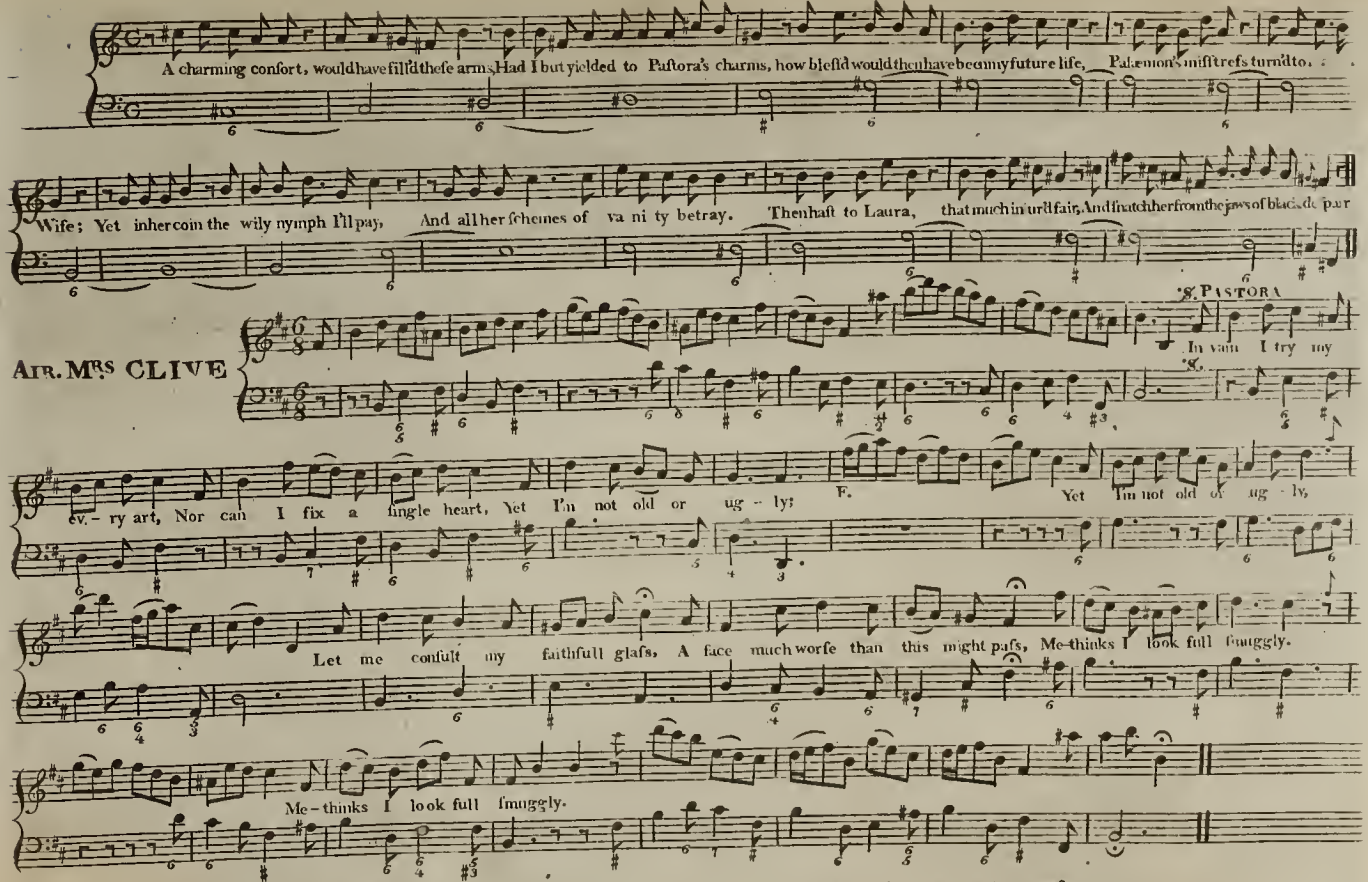
While tempeſts ſhake the nodding grove, and plough the foaming ſea, While hawks purſue the flying dove, ſo long will I be free. while

T. S.

hawks purſue the fly-ing dove, ſo long will I be free. ſo long will I be free.

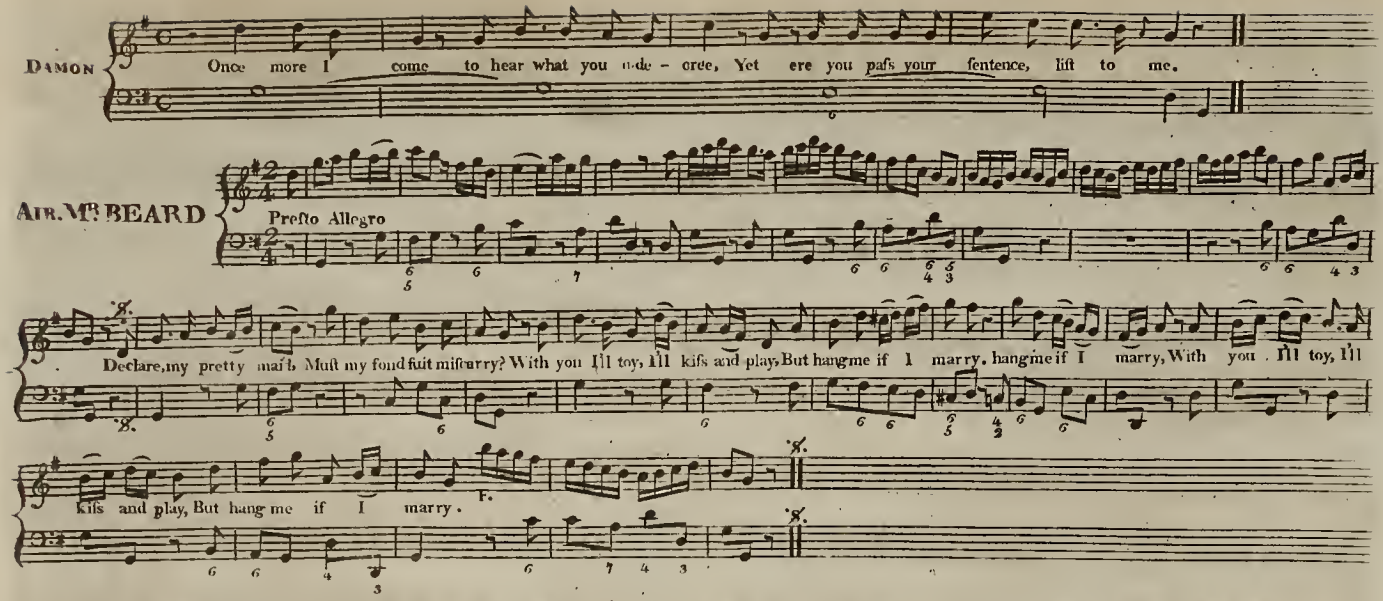
PASTORA.
Till on the buſh the lily grows,
Till flocks forſake the lea;
Till from the rock burſts forth the roſe,
You'll find me blith and free.


DAMON
Then let's divide to east and west, since we shall ne'er a-gree; And try who keeps their promise best, and who's the longest free. Lets
PASTORA
Then let's, divide to east and west, since we shall ne'er a-gree; And try who keeps their promise best, and who's the longest free., Let's
Pia.
try who keeps their promise best, And who's the longest free. who's the longest free.
End of Part I
try who keeps their promise best, And who's the longest free. who's the longest free.
AIR. MISS NORRIS.
Andante Vivace
LAURA
What medicine can soften the bosom's keen smart What lethe can
Pia.
banish the pain? What cure can be met with to footle the fond heart That's broke broke by a faithless young swain!
In hopes to forget him how vainly I try
The sports of the wake and the green
When Colin is dancing I fay with a sigh,
'Twas here first my Damon was seen.
When to the pale moon the soft nightingales moan, In accents so piercing and clear, You sing not so sweetly, I cry with a groan, as when,
A garland of willow my temples shall shade
And pluck it, ye nymphs, from yon grove
For there to her cost was poor Laura betray'd
And Damon, Damon pretended to love.
when my dear Damon was here.


A charming conſort, would have fill'd theſe arms, Had I but yielded to Paſtora's charms, how bleſs'd would then have been my future life, Palæmon's miſtreſs turn'd to
Wife; Yet in her coin the wily nymph I'll pay, And all her ſchemes of va ni ty betray. Then haſt to Laura, that much injur'd fair, And ſnatch her from the jaws of black-fac'd par
AIR. MRS CLIVE
S. PASTORA
In vain I try my
ev. - ry art, Nor can I fix a ſingle heart, Yet I'm not old or ug - ly;
F.
Yet I'm not old or ug - ly,
Let me conſult my faithfull glaſs, A face much worſe than this might paſs, Me-thinks I look full ſmuggly.
Me - thinks I look full ſmuggly.

Yet bleſs'd with all theſe pow'rfull charms,
The young Palæmon fled theſe arms,
That wild unthinking rover;
Hope, filly maids, as ſoon to bind,
The rolling ſtream, the flying wind,
As fix a rambling lover.

But hamper'd in the marriage nooſe,
In vain they ſtruggle to get looſe,
And make a mighty riot;
Like madmen how they rave, and ſtare,
A while they ſhake their chains and ſwear,
And then lie down in quiet.

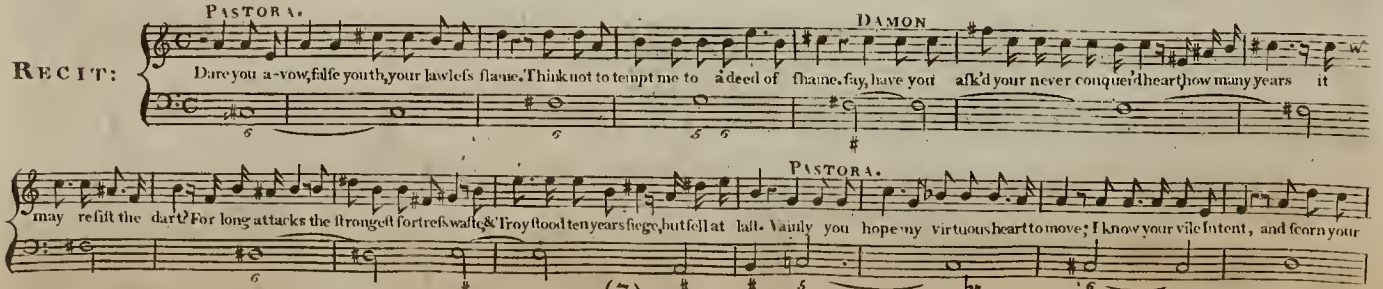

DAMON
Once more I come to hear what you unde - cree, Yet ere you paſs your ſentence, liſt to me.
AIR. Mr BEARD
Preſto Allegro
Declare, my pretty maid, Muſt my fond ſuit miſcarry? With you I'll toy, I'll kiſs and play, But hang me if I marry, hang me if I marry, With you I'll toy, I'll
kiſs and play, But hang me if I marry.

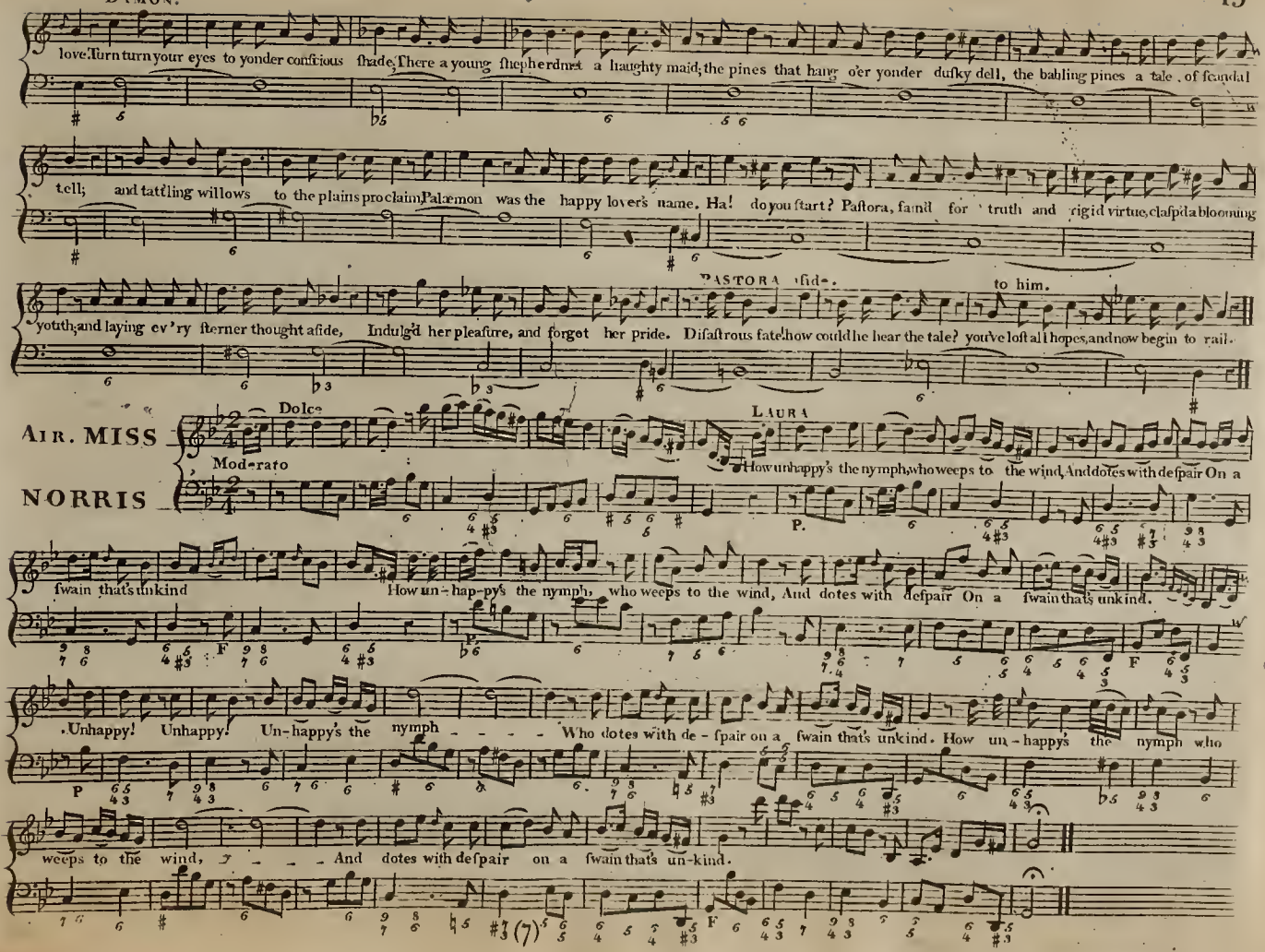
Then ſpeak your mind at once,
Nor let me longer tarry;
With you I'll toy, I'll kiſs and play,
But hang me if I marry.

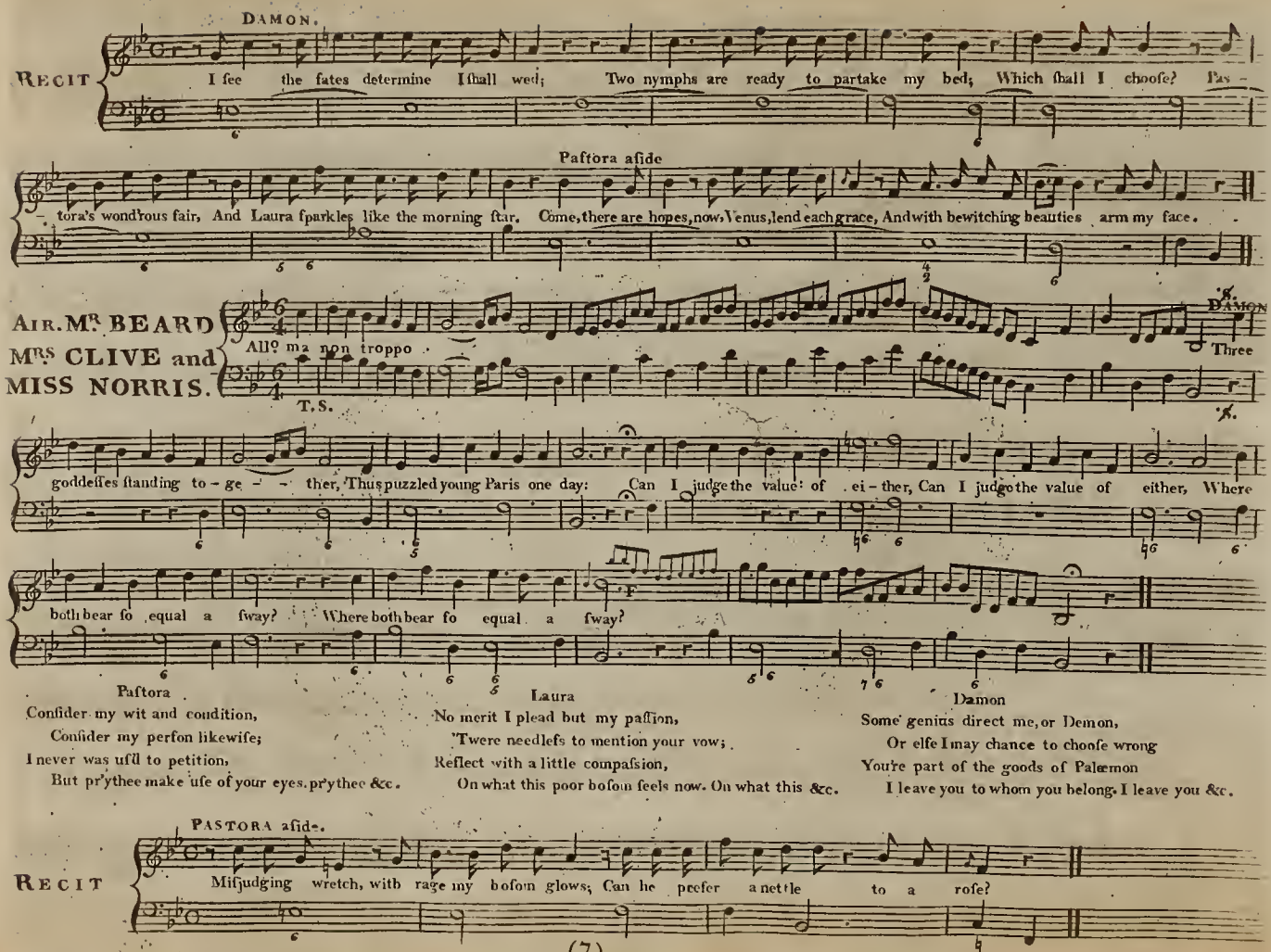
Tho' charms and wit aſſail,
The ſtroke I well can parry;
I love to kiſs, and toy, and play,
But do not chooſe to marry.

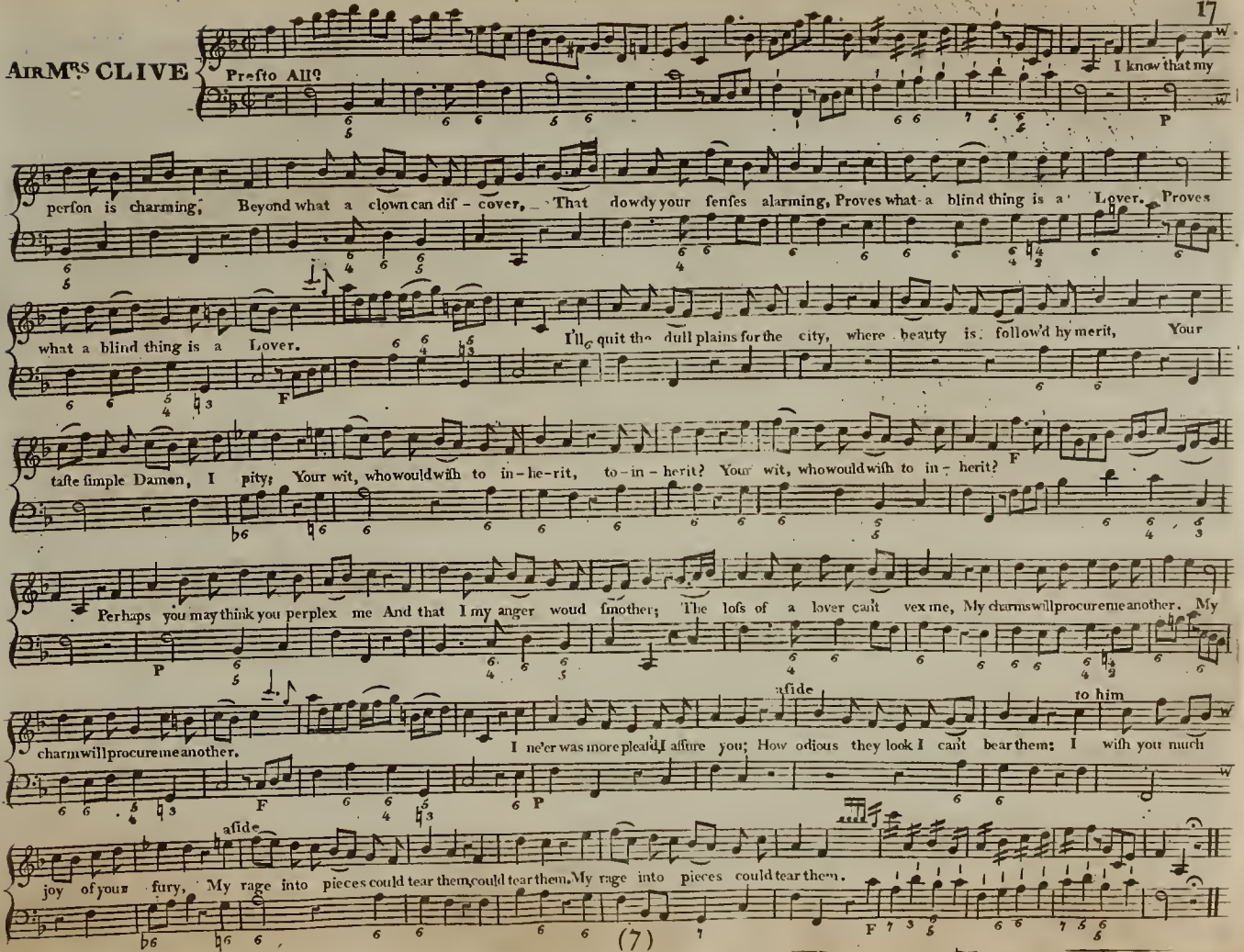
Young Molly of the dale,
Makes a mere ſlave of Harry,
Becauſe when they had toy'd and kiſs'd,
The fooliſh ſwain would marry.

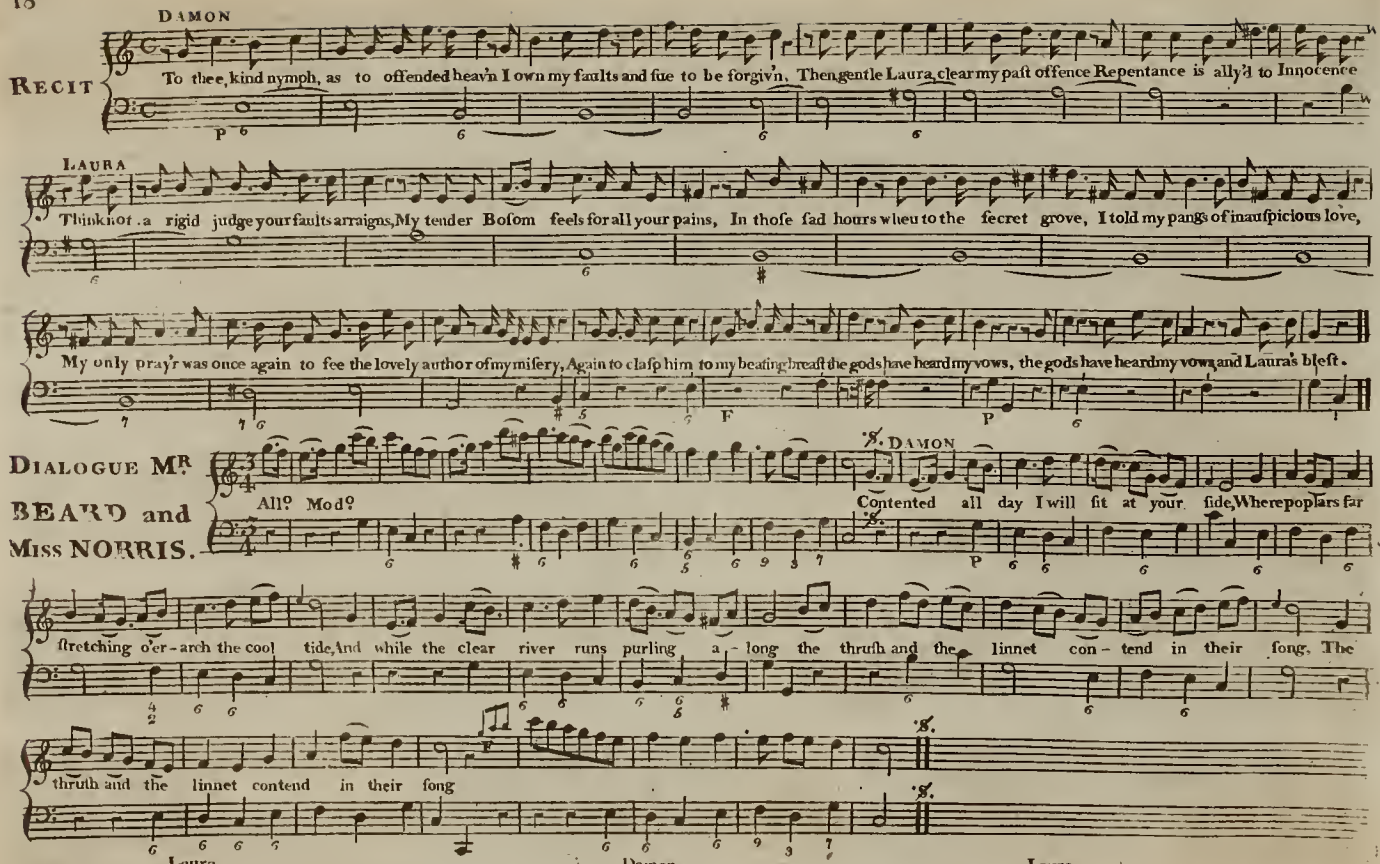
Theſe fix'd reſolves, my dear,
I to the grave will carry;
With you I'll toy, I'll kiſs and play,
But hang me if I marry.


RECIT:
PASTORA.
Dare you a-vow, falſe youth, your lawleſs flame. Think not to tempt me to a deed of ſhame. ſay, have you
DAMON
aſk'd your never conquer'd heart how many years it
PASTORA.
may reſiſt the dart? For long attacks the ſtrongeſt fortreſs waſte, & Troy ſtood ten years ſiege, but fell at laſt. Vainly you hope my virtuous heart to move; I know your vile intent, and ſcorn your


love. Turn turn your eyes to yonder conscious shade, There a young shepherdess a haughty maid, the pines that hang o'er yonder dusky dell, the babling pines a tale of scandal
tell; and tattling willows to the plains proclaim, Palæmon was the happy lover's name. Ha! do you start? Pastora, famed for truth and rigid virtue, clasp'd a blooming
PASTORA aside. to him.
youth, and laying ev'ry sterner thought aside, Indulg'd her pleasure, and forgot her pride. Disastrous fate! how could he hear the tale? you've lost all hopes, and now begin to rail.
AIR. MISS NORRIS
Dolce
LAURA
Moderato
How unhappy's the nymph, who weeps to the wind, And dotes with despair On a
P.
swain that's unkind How un-hap-py's the nymph, who weeps to the wind, And dotes with despair On a swain that's unkind.
F
Unhappy! Unhappy! Un-happy's the nymph - - - - Who dotes with de-spair on a swain that's unkind. How un-happy's the nymph who
P
weeps to the wind, - - - And dotes with despair on a swain that's un-kind.
F


DAMON.
RECIT
I see the fates determine I shall wed; Two nymphs are ready to partake my bed; Which shall I choose? Pas -
Paftora aside
- tora's wond'rous fair, And Laura sparkles like the morning star. Come, there are hopes, now, Venus, lend each grace, And with bewitching beauties arm my face.
AIR. Mr BEARD
Mrs CLIVE and
MISS NORRIS.
All° ma non troppo
T. S.
DAMON
Three
goddesses standing to - ge - - ther, Thus puzzled young Paris one day: Can I judge the value of ei - ther, Can I judge the value of either, Where
both bear so equal a sway? Where both bear so equal a sway?
Paftora
Conſider my wit and condition,
Conſider my perſon likewiſe;
I never was uſ'd to petition,
But pr'ythee make uſe of your eyes. pr'ythee &c.
Laura
No merit I plead but my paſſion,
'Twere needleſs to mention your vow;
Reflect with a little compaſsion,
On what this poor boſom feels now. On what this &c.
Damon
Some genius direct me, or Demon,
Or elſe I may chance to chooſe wrong
You're part of the goods of Palæmon
I leave you to whom you belong. I leave you &c.
PASTORA aſide.
RECIT
Miſjudging wretch, with rage my boſom glows; Can he prefer a nettle to a roſe?


AIR Mrs CLIVE
Presto All?
I know that my
perfon is charming, Beyond what a clown can dif - cover, That dowdy your fenfes alarming, Proves what a blind thing is a Lover. Proves
what a blind thing is a Lover.
I'll quit the dull plains for the city, where beauty is follow'd by merit, Your
taste fimple Damon, I pity; Your wit, whowouldwifh to in-he-rit, to-in-herit? Your wit, whowouldwifh to in-herit?
Perhaps you may think you perplex me And that I my anger woud fmother; The lofs of a lover can't vex me, My charmswillprocuremeanother. My
charmswillprocuremeanother.
afide
to him
I ne'er was more pleas'd, I aſſure you; How odious they look I can't bear them: I wiſh you much
afide
joy of your fury, My rage into pieces could tear them, could tear them. My rage into pieces could tear them.


DAMON
RECIT
To thee, kind nymph, as to offended heav'n I own my faults and sue to be forgiv'n. Then gentle Laura, clear my past offence Repentance is ally'd to Innocence
LAURA
Think not a rigid judge your faults arraigns, My tender Bosom feels for all your pains, In those sad hours when to the secret grove, I told my pangs of inauspicious love,
My only pray'r was once again to see the lovely author of my misery, Again to clasp him to my beating breast the gods have heard my vows, the gods have heard my vows and Laura's blest.
DIALOGUE Mr BEARD and Miss NORRIS.
All? Mod?
DAMON
Contented all day I will sit at your side, Where poplars far
stretching o'er-arch the cool tide, And while the clear river runs purling a-long the thrush and the linnet con-tend in their song. The
thrush and the linnet contend in their song

Laura

While you are hut by me no danger I fear,
Ye lambs rest in safety, my Damon is near:
Bound on ye blith kids now your gambols may please,
For my shepherd is kind, and my heart is at ease.
For my, &c.

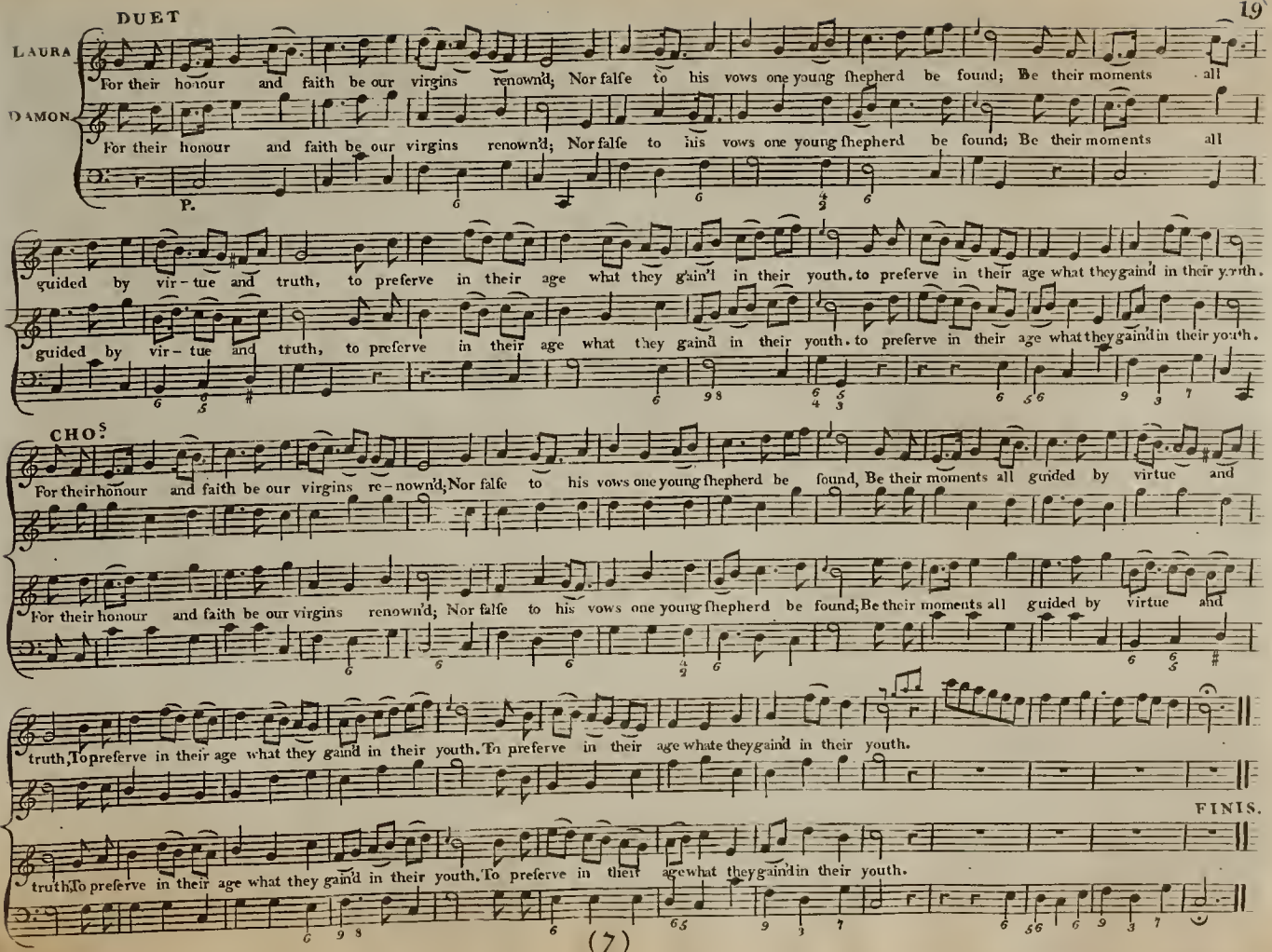
Damon

Ye virgins of britain, bright rivals of day,
The wish of each heart, and the theme of each lay,
Ne'er yield to the swain till he make you a wife,
For he who loves truly will take you for life
For he, &c.

Laura

Ye youths who fear nought hurt the frowns of the fair
'Tis yours to relieve not to add to their care,
Then scorn to their ruin assistance to lend,
Nor betray the sweet creatures you're born to defend
Nor betray, &c.

DUET


LAURA
For their honour and faith be our virgins renown'd; Nor falſe to his vows one young ſhepherd be found; Be their moments all
DAMON
For their honour and faith be our virgins renown'd; Nor falſe to his vows one young ſhepherd be found; Be their moments all
P.
guided by vir-tue and truth, to preſerve in their age what they gain'd in their youth. to preſerve in their age what they gaind in their youth.
guided by vir-tue and truth, to preſerve in their age what they gaind in their youth. to preſerve in their age what they gaind in their youth.
CHO.S
For their honour and faith be our virgins re-nown'd; Nor falſe to his vows one young ſhepherd be found, Be their moments all guided by virtue and
For their honour and faith be our virgins renown'd; Nor falſe to his vows one young ſhepherd be found; Be their moments all guided by virtue and
truth, To preſerve in their age what they gaind in their youth. To preſerve in their age whate they gaind in their youth.
FINIS.
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